







with J. R. O. monogram
on spine

84⁰⁰
C


Linda,

J

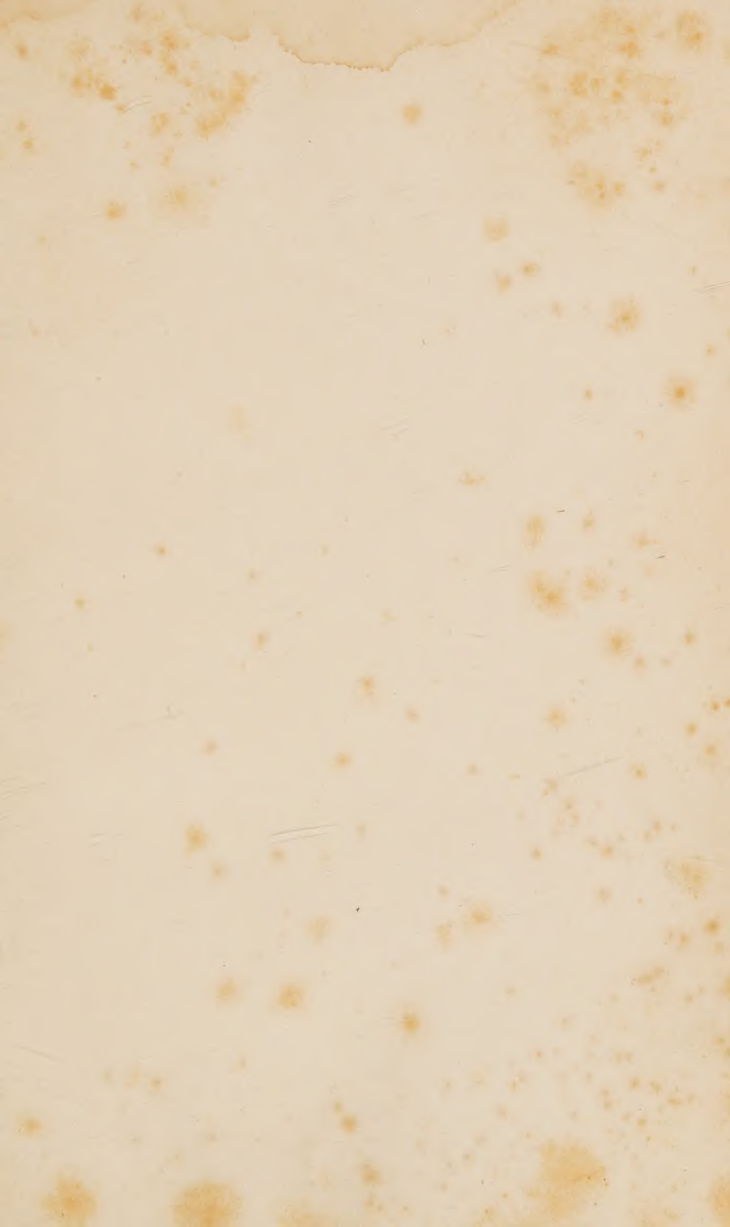
As a poet, Whittier is not the
best. But the book is Boston.
It is Cambridge. It is Harvard
Square. And people love here
as they do elsewhere.

"The Meeting Waters" speaks of
my love for you. I miss you.
I wish you were here.

Love,
—
J. R. O.



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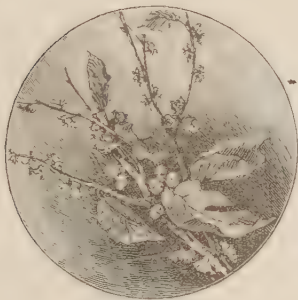




HAZEL-BLOSSOMS.

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
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NOTE.

I HAVE ventured, in compliance with the desire of dear friends of my beloved sister ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER, to add to this little volume the few poetical pieces which she left behind her. As she was very distrustful of her own powers, and altogether without ambition for literary distinction, she shunned everything like publicity, and found far greater happiness in generous appreciation of the gifts of her friends than in the cultivation of her own. Yet it has always seemed to me, that had her health, sense of duty and fitness, and her extreme self-distrust permitted, she might have taken a high place among lyrical singers. These poems, with perhaps two or three exceptions, afford but slight indications of the inward life of the writer, who had an almost morbid dread of spiritual and intellectual egotism, or of her tenderness of sympathy, chastened mirthfulness, and pleasant play of thought and fancy, when her shy, beautiful soul opened like a flower in the warmth of social communion. In the lines on Dr. Kane her friends will see

something of her fine individuality, — the rare mingling of delicacy and intensity of feeling which made her dear to them. This little poem reached Cuba while the great explorer lay on his death-bed, and we are told that he listened with grateful tears while it was read to him by his mother.

I am tempted to say more, but I write as under the eye of her who, while with us, shrank with painful deprecation from the praise or mention of performances which seemed so far below her ideal of excellence. To those who best knew her, the beloved circle of her intimate friends, I dedicate this slight memorial.

J. G. W.

AMESBURY, 9th MO., 1874.



THE summer warmth has left the sky,
The summer songs have died away ;
And, withered, in the footpaths lie
The fallen leaves, but yesterday
With ruby and with topaz gay.

The grass is browning on the hills ;
No pale, belated flowers recall
The astral fringes of the rills,
And drearily the dead vines fall,
Frost-blackened, from the roadside wall.

Yet, through the gray and sombre wood,
Against the dusk of fir and pine,
Last of their floral sisterhood,
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,
The tawny gold of Afric's mine!

Small beauty hath my unsung flower,
For spring to own or summer hail;
But, in the season's saddest hour,
To skies that weep and winds that wail
Its glad surprisals never fail.

O days grown cold! O life grown old!
No rose of June may bloom again;
But, like the hazel's twisted gold,
Through early frost and latter rain
Shall hints of summer-time remain.

And as within the hazel's bough
A gift of mystic virtue dwells,
That points to golden ores below,
And in dry desert places tells
Where flow unseen the cool, sweet wells,

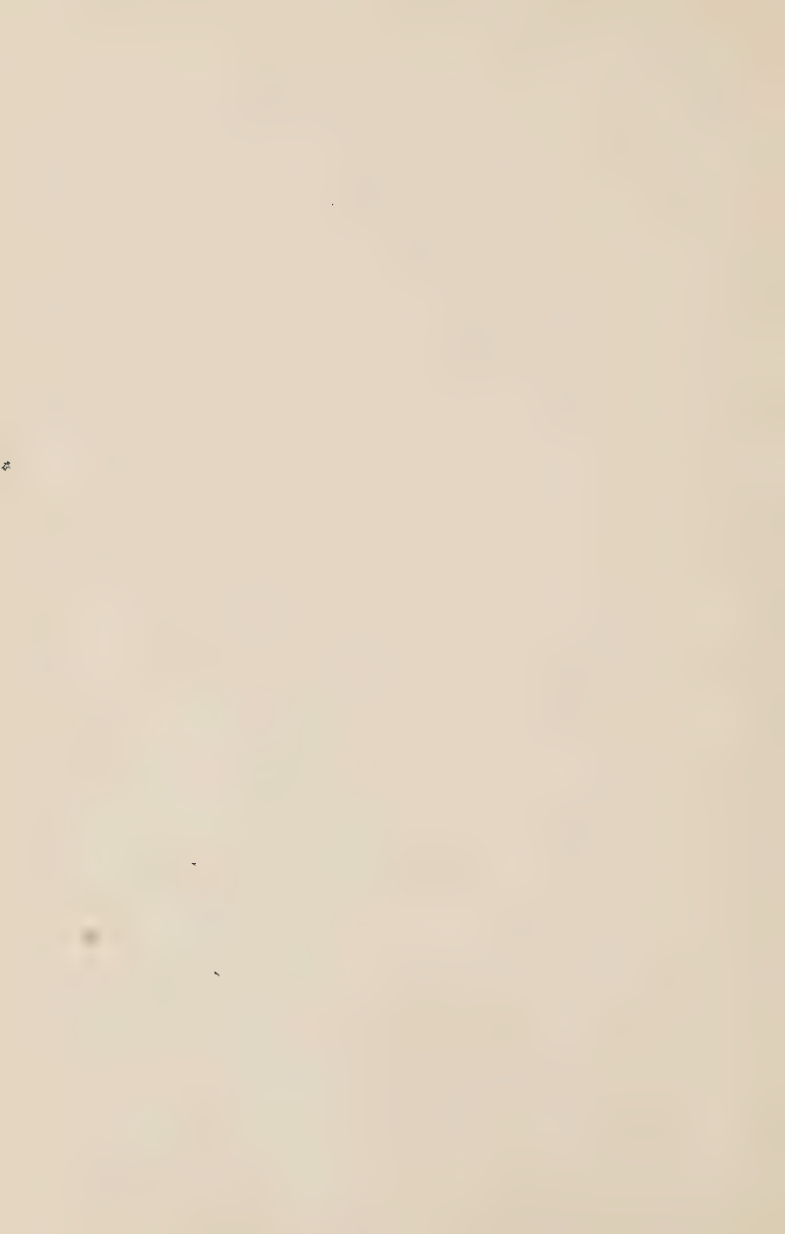
So, in the wise Diviner's hand,
Be mine the hazel's grateful part
To feel, beneath a thirsty land,
The living waters thrill and start,
The beating of the rivulet's heart !

Sufficeth me the gift to light
With latest bloom the dark, cold days ;
To call some hidden spring to sight
That, in these dry and dusty ways,
Shall sing its pleasant song of praise.

O Love! the hazel-wand may fail,
But thou canst lend the surer spell,
That, passing over Baca's vale,
Repeats the old-time miracle,
And makes the desert-land a well.

SUMNER.

“I am not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave ; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied.” — MILTON’S *Defence of the People of England*.



S U M N E R .

O MOTHER STATE! — the winds of March
Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of God,
Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch
Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And now, with all thy woods in leaf,
Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead
Thou sittest, in thy robes of grief,
A Rachel yet un comforted !

And once again the organ swells,
Once more the flag is half-way hung,

And yet again the mournful bells
In all thy steeple-towers are rung.

And I, obedient to thy will,
Have come a simple wreath to lay,
Superfluous, on a grave that still
Is sweet with all the flowers of May.

I take, with awe, the task assigned;
It may be that my friend might miss,
In his new sphere of heart and mind,
Some token from my hand in this.

By many a tender memory moved,
Along the past my thought I send;
The record of the cause he loved
Is the best record of its friend.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,
He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame,
But never yet to Hebrew seer
A clearer voice of duty came.

God said: "Break thou these yokes; undo
These heavy burdens. I ordain
A work to last thy whole life through,
A ministry of strife and pain.

"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by,
The rights of man are more than these."
He heard, and answered: "Here am I!"

He set his face against the blast,
His feet against the flinty shard,

Till the hard service grew, at last,
Its own exceeding great reward.

Lifted like Saul's above the crowd,
Upon his kingly forehead fell
The first, sharp bolt of Slavery's cloud,
Launched at the truth he urged so well.

Ah! never yet, at rack or stake,
Was sorer loss made Freedom's gain,
Than his, who suffered for her sake
The beak-torn Titan's lingering pain!

The fixed star of his faith, through all
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the same;
As through a night of storm, some tall,
Strong lighthouse lifts its steady flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw

The sheaves of freedom's large increase,
The holy fanes of equal law,
The New Jerusalem of peace.

The weak might fear, the worldling mock,
The faint and blind of heart regret ;
All knew at last th' eternal rock
On which his forward feet were set.

The subtlest scheme of compromise
Was folly to his purpose bold ;
The strongest mesh of party lies
Weak to the simplest truth he told.

One language held his heart and lip,
Straight onward to his goal he trod, .

And proved the highest statesmanship
Obedience to the voice of God.

No wail was in his voice, — none heard,
When treason's storm-cloud blackest grew,
The weakness of a doubtful word ;
His duty, and the end, he knew.

The first to smite, the first to spare ;
When once the hostile ensigns fell,
He stretched out hands of generous care
To lift the foe he fought so well.

For there was nothing base or small
Or craven in his soul's broad plan ;
Forgiving all things personal,
He hated only wrong to man.

The old traditions of his State,

The memories of her great and good,

Took from his life a fresher date,

And in himself embodied stood.

How felt the greed of gold and place,

The venal crew that schemed and planned,

The fine scorn of that haughty face,

The spurning of that bribeless hand !

If than Rome's tribunes statelier

He wore his senatorial robe,

His lofty port was all for her,

The one dear spot on all the globe.

If to the master's plea he gave

The vast contempt his manhood felt,

He saw a brother in the slave, —

With man as equal man he dealt.

Proud was he? If his presence kept

Its grandeur wheresoe'er he trod,

As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped

The hero and the demi-god,

None failed, at least, to reach his ear,

Nor want nor woe appealed in vain ;

The homesick soldier knew his cheer,

And blessed him from his ward of pain.

Safely his dearest friends may own

The slight defects he never hid,

The surface-blemish in the stone

Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought

His conscience to the public mart ;

But lived himself the truth he taught,

White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart.

What if he felt the natural pride

Of power in noble use, too true

With thin humilities to hide

The work he did, the lore he knew ?

Was he not just ? Was any wronged

By that assured self-estimate ?

He took but what to him belonged,

Unenvious of another's state.

Well might he heed the words he spake,

And scan with care the written page

Through which he still shall warm and wake
The hearts of men from age to age.

Ah ! who shall blame him now because
He solaced thus his hours of pain !
Should not the o'erworn thresher pause,
And hold to light his golden grain ?

No sense of humor dropped its oil
On the hard ways his purpose went ;
Small play of fancy lightened toil ;
He spake alone the thing he meant.

He loved his books, the Art that hints
A beauty veiled behind its own,
The graver's line, the pencil's tints,
The chisel's shape evoked from stone.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,
The social courtesies that bless
And sweeten life, and loved his friends
With most unworldly tenderness.

But still his tired eyes rarely learned
The glad relief by Nature brought ;
Her mountain ranges never turned
His current of persistent thought.

The sea rolled chorus to his speech
Three-banked like Latium's tall trireme,
With laboring oars ; the grove and beach
Were Forum and the Academe.

The sensuous joy from all things fair
His strenuous bent of soul repressed,

And left from youth to silvered hair

Few hours for pleasure, none for rest.

For all his life was poor without,

O Nature, make the last amends !

Train all thy flowers his grave about,

And make thy singing-birds his friends !

Revive again, thou summer rain,

The broken turf upon his bed !

Breathe, summer wind, thy tenderest strain

Of low, sweet music overhead !

With calm and beauty symbolize

The peace which follows long annoy,

And lend our earth-bent, mourning eyes

Some hint of his diviner joy.

For safe with right and truth he is,
As God lives he must live alway ;
There is no end for souls like his,
No night for children of the day !

Nor cant nor poor solitudes
Made weak his life's great argument ;
Small leisure his for frames and moods
Who followed Duty where she went.

The broad, fair fields of God he saw
Beyond the bigot's narrow bound ;
The truths he moulded into law
In Christ's beatitudes he found.

His State-craft was the Golden Rule,
His right of vote a sacred trust ;

Clear, over threat and ridicule,
All heard his challenge: "Is it just?"

And when the hour supreme had come,
Not for himself a thought he gave;
In that last pang of martyrdom,
His care was for the half-freed slave.

Not vainly dusky hands upbore,
In prayer, the passing soul to heaven
Whose mercy to His suffering poor
Was service to the Master given.

Long shall the good State's annals tell,
Her children's children long be taught,
How, praised or blamed, he guarded well
The trust he neither shunned nor sought.

If for one moment turned thy face,

O Mother, from thy son, not long

He waited calmly in his place

The sure remorse which follows wrong.

Forgiven be the State he loved

The one brief lapse, the single blot ;

Forgotten be the stain removed,

Her righted record shows it not !

The lifted sword above her shield

With jealous care shall guard his fame ;

The pine-tree on her ancient field

To all the winds shall speak his name.

The marble image of her son

Her loving hands shall yearly crown,

And from her pictured Pantheon

His grand, majestic face look down.

O State so passing rich before,

Who now shall doubt thy highest claim?

The world that counts thy jewels o'er

Shall longest pause at SUMNER'S name!

HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

ON the isle of Penikese,
 Ringed about by sapphire seas,
Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
Stood the Master with his school.
Over sails that not in vain
Wooded the west-wind's steady strain,
Line of coast that low and far
Stretched its undulating bar,
Wings aslant along the rim
Of the waves they stooped to skim,
Rock and isle and glistening bay,
Fell the beautiful white day.

Said the Master to the youth :
“ We have come in search of truth,
Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery ;
We are reaching, through His laws,
To the garment-hem of Cause,
Him, the endless, unbegun,
The Unnamable, the One
Light of all our light the Source,
Life of life, and Force of force.
As with fingers of the blind,
We are groping here to find
What the hieroglyphics mean
Of the Unseen in the seen,
What the Thought which underlies
Nature's masking and disguise,
What it is that hides beneath

Blight and bloom and birth and death.
By past efforts unavailing,
Doubt and error, loss and failing,
Of our weakness made aware,
On the threshold of our task
Let us light and guidance ask,
Let us pause in silent prayer!"

Then the Master in his place
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft airs stirred,
Lapse of wave and cry of bird
Left the solemn hush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish, on earth unsaid,
Rose to heaven interpreted.
As, in life's best hours, we hear

By the spirit's finer ear
His low voice within us, thus
The All-Father heareth us ;
And his holy ear we pain
With our noisy words and vain.
Not for Him our violence
Storming at the gates of sense,
His the primal language, his
The eternal silences !

Even the careless heart was moved,
And the doubting gave assent,
With a gesture reverent,
To the Master well-beloved.
As thin mists are glorified
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,

Through its veil of tender awe,
How his face was still uplit
By the old sweet look of it,
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,
And the love that casts out fear.
Who the secret may declare
Of that brief, unuttered prayer?
Did the shade before him come
Of th' inevitable doom,
Of the end of earth so near,
And Eternity's new year?

In the lap of sheltering seas
Rests the isle of Penikese;
But the lord of the domain
Comes not to his own again:
Where the eyes that follow fail,

On a vaster sea his sail
Drifts beyond our beck and hail.
Other lips within its bound
Shall the laws of life expound ;
Other eyes from rock and shell
Read the world's old riddles well :
But when breezes light and bland
Blow from Summer's blossomed land,
When the air is glad with wings,
And the blithe song-sparrow sings,
Many an eye with his still face
Shall the living ones displace,
Many an ear the word shall seek
He alone could fitly speak.
And one name forevermore
Shall be uttered o'er and o'er
By the waves that kiss the shore,

By the curlew's whistle sent
Down the cool, sea-scented air ;
In all voices known to her,
Nature owns her worshipper,
Half in triumph, half lament.
Thither Love shall tearful turn,
Friendship pause uncovered there,
And the wisest reverence learn
From the Master's silent prayer.

•

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

MY thoughts are all in yonder town,
Where, wept by many tears,
To-day my mother's friend lays down
The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise
Of death with her is seen,
And on her simple casket lies
No wreath of bloom and green.

O, not for her the florist's art,
The mocking weeds of woe,

Dear memories in each mourner's heart

Like heaven's white lilies blow.

And all about the softening air

Of new-born sweetness tells,

And the ungathered May-flowers wear

The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle

Is fresh as heretofore ;

And earth takes up its parable

Of life from death once more.

Here organ-swell and church-bell toll

Methinks but discord were, —

The prayerful silence of the soul

Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude

Alike of earth and sky ;—

O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,

Breathe but a half-heard sigh !

Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake ;

And thou not distant sea,

Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,

And thou wert Galilee !

For all her quiet life flowed on

As meadow streamlets flow,

Where fresher green reveals alone

The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see

The plain-robed mourners pass,

With slow feet treading reverently
The graveyard's springing grass.

Make room, O mourning ones, for me,
Where, like the friends of Paul,
That you no more her face shall see
You sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten more and more
Unto the perfect day ;
She cannot fail of peace who bore
Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear
The look of sins forgiven !
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
Our own needs up to heaven !

How reverent in our midst she stood,
Or knelt in grateful praise !
What grace of Christian womanhood
Was in her household ways !

For still her holy living meant
No duty left undone ;
The heavenly and the human blent
Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found
For feasting ear and eye,
And Pleasure, on her daily round,
She passed unpausing by,

Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,

And Beauty's gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease ;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness
Made sweet her smile and tone,
And glorified her farm-wife dress
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls ;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,

The saintly fact survives ;

The blessed Master none can doubt

Revealed in holy lives.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

A SCORE of years had come and gone
Since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth stone,
When Captain Underhill, bearing scars
From Indian ambush and Flemish wars,
Left three-hilled Boston and wandered down,
East by north, to Cocheco town.

With Vane the younger, in counsel sweet
He had sat at Anna Hutchinson's feet,
And, when the bolt of banishment fell
On the head of his saintly oracle,
He had shared her ill as her good report,
And braved the wrath of the General Court.

He shook from his feet as he rode away
The dust of the Massachusetts Bay.
The world might bless and the world might ban,
What did it matter the perfect man,
To whom the freedom of earth was given,
Proof against sin, and sure of heaven?

He cheered his heart as he rode along
With screed of Scripture and holy song,
Or thought how he rode with his lances free
By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder-Zee,
Till his wood-path grew to a trodden road,
And Hilton Point in the distance showed.

He saw the church with the block-house nigh,
The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,
And, tacking to windward, low and crank,

The little shallop from Strawberry Bank ;
And he rose in his stirrups and looked abroad
Over land and water, and praised the Lord.

Goodly and stately and grave to see,
Into the clearing's space rode he,
With the sun on the hilt of his sword in sheath,
And his silver buckles and spurs beneath,
And the settlers welcomed him, one and all,
From swift Quampeagan to Gonic Fall.

And he said to the elders : " Lo, I come
As the way seemed open to seek a home.
Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by my hands
In the Narragansett and Netherlands,
And if here ye have work for a Christian man,
I will tarry, and serve ye as best I can.

“ I boast not of gifts, but fain would own
The wonderful favor God hath shown,
The special mercy vouchsafed one day
On the shore of Narragansett Bay,
As I sat, with my pipe, from the camp aside,
And mused like Isaac at eventide.

“ A sudden sweetness of peace I found,
A garment of gladness wrapped me round ;
I felt from the law of works released,
The strife of the flesh and spirit ceased,
My faith to a full assurance grew,
And all I had hoped for myself I knew.

“ Now, as God appointeth, I keep my way,
I shall not stumble, I shall not stray ;
He hath taken away my fig-leaf dress,

I wear the robe of his righteousness ;
And the shafts of Satan no more avail
Than Pequot arrows on Christian mail."

"Tarry with us," the settlers cried,
"Thou man of God, as our ruler and guide."
And Captain Underhill bowed his head.
"The will of the Lord be done!" he said.
And the morrow beheld him sitting down
In the ruler's seat in Cochecho town.

And he judged therein as a just man should ;
His words were wise and his rule was good ;
He coveted not his neighbor's land,
From the holding of bribes he shook his hand ;
And through the camps of the heathen ran
A wholesome fear of the valiant man.

But the heart is deceitful, the good Book saith,
And life hath ever a savor of death.

Through hymns of triumph the tempter calls,
And whoso thinketh he standeth falls.

Alas ! ere their round the seasons ran,
There was grief in the soul of the saintly man.

The tempter's arrows that rarely fail
Had found the joints of his spiritual mail ;
And men took note of his gloomy air,
The shame in his eye, the halt in his prayer,
The signs of a battle lost within,
The pain of a soul in the coils of sin.

Then a whisper of scandal linked his name
With broken vows and a life of blame ;
And the people looked askance on him

As he walked among them sullen and grim,
Ill at ease, and bitter of word,
And prompt of quarrel with hand or sword.

None knew how, with prayer and fasting still,
He strove in the bonds of his evil will ;
But he shook himself like Samson at length,
And girded anew his loins of strength,
And bade the crier go up and down
And call together the wondering town.

Jeer and murmur and shaking of head
Ceased as he rose in his place and said :
“ Men, brethren, and fathers, well ye know
How I came among you a year ago,
Strong in the faith that my soul was freed
From sin of feeling, or thought, or deed.

“I have sinned, I own it with grief and shame,
But not with a lie on my lips I came.
In my blindness I verily thought my heart
Swept and garnished in every part.
He chargeth His angels with folly ; He sees
The heavens unclean. Was I more than these ?

“I urge no plea. At your feet I lay
The trust you gave me, and go my way.
Hate me or pity me, as you will,
The Lord will have mercy on sinners still ;
And I, who am chiefest, say to all,
Watch and pray, lest ye also fall.”

No voice made answer : a sob so low
That only his quickened ear could know
Smote his heart with a bitter pain,

As into the forest he rode again,
And the veil of its oaken leaves shut down
On his latest glimpse of Cocheco town.

Crystal-clear on the man of sin
The streams flashed up, and the sky shone in ;
On his cheek of fever the cool wind blew,
The leaves dropped on him their tears of dew,
And angels of God, in the pure, sweet guise
Of flowers, looked on him with sad surprise.

Was his ear at fault that brook and breeze
Sang in their saddest of minor keys ?
What was it the mournful wood-thrush said ?
What whispered the pine-trees overhead ?
Did he hear the Voice on his lonely way
That Adam heard in the cool of day ?

Into the desert alone rode he,
Alone with the Infinite Purity ;
And, bowing his soul to its tender rebuke,
As Peter did to the Master's look,
He measured his path with prayers of pain
For peace with God and nature again.

And in after years to Coheco came
The bruit of a once familiar name ;
How among the Dutch of New Netherlands,
From wild Danskamer to Haarlem sands,
A penitent soldier preached the Word,
And smote the heathen with Gideon's sword :

And the heart of Boston was glad to hear
How he harried the foe on the long frontier,
And heaped on the land against him barred

The coals of his generous watch and ward.
Frailest and bravest ! the Bay State still
Counts with her worthies John Underhill.

IN QUEST.

HAVE I not voyaged, friend beloved, with thee
On the great waters of the unsounded sea,
Momently listening with suspended oar
For the low rote of waves upon a shore
Changeless as heaven, where never fog-cloud drifts
Over its windless woods, nor mirage lifts
The steadfast hills ; where never birds of doubt
Sing to mislead, and every dream dies out,
And the dark riddles which perplex us here
In the sharp solvent of its light are clear ?
Thou knowest how vain our quest ; how, soon or
late,
The baffling tides and circles of debate

Swept back our bark unto its starting-place,
Where, looking forth upon the blank, gray space,
And round about us seeing, with sad eyes,
The same old difficult hills and cloud-cold skies,
We said : " This outward search availeth not
To find Him. He is farther than we thought,
Or, haply, nearer. To this very spot
Whereon we wait, this commonplace of home,
As to the well of Jacob, He may come
And tell us all things." As I listened there,
Through the expectant silences of prayer,
Somewhat I seemed to hear, which hath to me
Been hope, strength, comfort, and I give it thee.

" The riddle of the world is understood
Only by him who feels that God is good,
As only he can feel who makes his love

The ladder of his faith, and climbs above
On th' rounds of his best instincts ; draws no line
Between mere human goodness and divine,
But, judging God by what in him is best,
With a child's trust leans on a Father's breast,
And hears unmoved the old creeds babble still
Of kingly power and dread caprice of will,
Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse,
The pitiless doomsman of the universe.
Can Hatred ask for love? Can Selfishness
Invite to self-denial? Is He less
Than man in kindly dealing? Can He break
His own great law of fatherhood, forsake
And curse His children? Not for earth and heaven
Can separate tables of the law be given.
No rule can bind which He himself denies ;
The truths of time are not eternal lies."

So heard I ; and the chaos round me spread
To light and order grew ; and, " Lord," I said,
" Our sins are our tormentors, worst of all
Felt in distrustful shame that dares not call
Upon Thee as our Father. We have set
A strange god up, but Thou remainest yet.
All that I feel of pity Thou hast known
Before I was ; my best is all Thy own.
From Thy great heart of goodness mine but drew
Wishes and prayers ; but Thou, O Lord, wilt do,
In Thy own time, by ways I cannot see,
All that I feel when I am nearest Thee !"

A SEA DREAM.

WE saw the slow tides go and come,
The curving surf-lines lightly drawn,
The gray rocks touched with tender bloom
Beneath the fresh-blown rose of dawn.

We saw in richer sunsets lost
The sombre pomp of showery noons ;
And signalled spectral sails that crossed
The weird, low light of rising moons.

On stormy eves from cliff and head
We saw the white spray tossed and spurned ;
While over all, in gold and red,
Its face of fire the lighthouse turned.

The rail-car brought its daily crowds,
Half curious, half indifferent,
Like passing sails or floating clouds,
We saw them as they came and went.

But, one calm morning, as we lay
And watched the mirage-lifted wall
Of coast, across the dreamy bay,
And heard afar the curlew call,

And nearer voices, wild or tame,
Of airy flock and childish throng,
Up from the water's edge there came
Faint snatches of familiar song.

Careless we heard the singer's choice
Of old and common airs ; at last

The tender pathos of his voice

In one low chanson held us fast.

A song that mingled joy and pain,

And memories old and sadly sweet ;

While, timing to its minor strain,

The waves in lapsing cadence beat.

The waves are glad in breeze and sun ;

The rocks are fringed with foam ;

I walk once more a haunted shore,

A stranger, yet at home,—

A land of dreams I roam.

Is this the wind, the soft sea-wind

That stirred thy locks of brown ?

Are these the rocks whose mosses knew

The trail of thy light gown,
Where boy and girl sat down?

I see the gray fort's broken wall,
The boats that rock below ;
And, out at sea, the passing sails
We saw so long ago
Rose-red in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time
On every breeze is blown ;
As glad the sea, as blue the sky,—
The change is ours alone ;
The saddest is my own.

A stranger now, a world-worn man,
Is he who bears my name ;
But thou, methinks, whose mortal life

Immortal youth became,

Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not there,

Thy place I cannot see ;

I only know that where thou art

The blessed angels be,

And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me if the evil years

Have left on me their sign ;

Wash out, O soul so beautiful,

The many stains of mine

In tears of love divine !

I could not look on thee and live,

If thou wert by my side ;

The vision of a shining one,

The white and heavenly bride,
Is well to me denied.

But turn to me thy dear girl-face
Without the angel's crown,
The wedded roses of thy lips,
Thy loose hair rippling down
In waves of golden brown.

Look forth once more through space and time,
And let thy sweet shade fall
In tenderest grace of soul and form
On memory's frescoed wall.
A shadow, and yet all !

Draw near, more near, forever dear !
Where'er I rest or roam,
Or in the city's crowded streets,

Or by the blown sea foam,
The thought of thee is home !

At breakfast hour the singer read
The city news, with comment wise,
Like one who felt the pulse of trade
Beneath his finger fall and rise.

His look, his air, his curt speech, told
The man of action, not of books,
To whom the corners made in gold
And stocks were more than seaside nooks.

Of life beneath the life confessed
His song had hinted unawares ;
Of flowers in traffic's ledgers pressed,
Of human hearts in bulls and bears.

But eyes in vain were turned to watch
That face so hard and shrewd and strong ;
And ears in vain grew sharp to catch
The meaning of that morning song.

In vain some sweet-voiced querist sought
To sound him, leaving as she came ;
Her baited album only caught
A common, unromantic name.

No word betrayed the mystery fine,
That trembled on the singer's tongue ;
He came and went, and left no sign
Behind him save the song he sung.

A MYSTERY.

THE river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green ;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang :
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang !

No clew of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew ;

A feeling of familiar things

With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag

Could lean the blasted pine ;

Not otherwise the maple hold

Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills

The mountain road should creep ;

So, green and low, the meadow fold

. Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind ;

Their place the mountains took ;

The white torn fringes of their clouds

Wore no unwonted look ;

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream?
Or glimpse through æons old?
The secret which the mountains kept
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed
A tender hope I drew,

And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,

The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,

And soften all surprise,

And, misty with the dreams of earth,

The hills of Heaven arise.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY, (always may his
name

Be said with reverence !) as the swift doom came,
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank, with the brake he grasped just where he stood
To do the utmost that a brave man could,
And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him ; women dropped their tears
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they ? Lo ! the ghastly lips of pain,
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again :
“ Put out the signals for the other train ! ”

No nobler utterance since the world began
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah me ! how poor and noteless seem to this
The sick-bed dramas of self-consciousness,
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss !

O, 'grand, supreme endeavor ! Not in vain
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain !
Freighted with life the downward rushing train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave follows wave,

Obedyed the warning which the dead lips gave.

Others he saved, himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is not dead

Who in his record still the earth shall tread

With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride

Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.

God give us grace to live as Bradley died !

CHILD-SONGS.

STILL linger in our noon of time
And on our Saxon tongue
The echoes of the home-born hymns
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies
In every age and clime ;
The earliest cradles of the race
Were rocked to poet's rhyme.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor flower,
Nor green earth's virgin sod,

So moved the singer's heart of old
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life
Was more than dawning morn,
Than opening flower or crescent moon
The human soul new-born !

And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From lisping voices learns, —

The voices loved of him who sang,
Where Tweed and Teviot glide,
That sound to-day on all the winds
That blow from Rydal-side, —

Heard in the Teuton's household songs,
And folk-lore of the Finn,
Where'er to holy Christmas hearths
The Christ-child enters in !

Before life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels ;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can ;
God hath his small interpreters ;
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim ;

But he is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him !

And haply, pleading long with Him
For sin-sick hearts and cold,
The angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom !— Teach thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine !

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds ;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall ;
The mind of pride is nothingness
The childlike heart is all !

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LONG- WOOD.

WITH fifty years between you and your well-
kept wedding vow,

The Golden Age, old friends of mine, is not a
fable now.

And, sweet as has life's vintage been through all
your pleasant past,

Still, as at Cana's marriage-feast, the best wine is
the last !

Again before me, with your names, fair Chester's
landscape comes,

Its meadows, woods, and ample barns, and quaint,
stone-built homes.

The smooth-shorn vales, the wheaten slopes, the
bosage green-and soft,
Of which their poet sings so well from towered
Cedarcroft.

And lo ! from all the country-side come neighbors,
kith and kin ;
From city, hamlet, farm-house old, the wedding
guests come in.

And they who, without scrip or purse, mob-hunted,
travel-worn,
In Freedom's age of martyrs came, as victors now
return.

Older and slower, yet the same, files in the long
array, '

And hearts are light and eyes are glad, though
heads are badger-gray.

The fire-tried men of Thirty-eight who saw with
me the fall,

Midst roaring flames and shouting mob, of Penn-
sylvania Hall ;

And they of Lancaster who turned the cheeks of
tyrants pale,

Singing of freedom through the grates of Moya-
mensing jail !

And haply with them, all unseen, old comrades,
gone before,

Pass, silently as shadows pass, within your open
door, —

The eagle face of Lindley Coates, brave Garrett's
daring zeal,

The Christian grace of Pennock, the steadfast heart
of Neal.

Ah me! beyond all power to name, the worthies
tried and true,

Grave men, fair women, youth and maid, pass by in
hushed review.

Of varying faiths, a common cause fused all their
hearts in one.

God give them now, whate'er their names, the
peace of duty done!

How gladly would I tread again the old-remembered places,

Sit down beside your hearth once more and look
in the dear old faces !

And thank you for the lessons your fifty years are
teaching, .

For honest lives that louder speak than half our
noisy preaching ;

For your steady faith and courage in that dark and
evil time,

When the Golden Rule was treason, and to feed
the hungry, crime ;

For the poor slave's house of refuge when the
hounds were on his track,

And saint and sinner, church and state, joined
hands to send him back.

Blessings upon you!—What you did for each sad,
suffering one,

So homeless, faint, and naked, unto our Lord was
done!

Fair fall on Kennett's pleasant vales and Long-
wood's bowery ways,

The mellow sunset of your lives, friends of my
early days.

May many more of quiet years be added to your
sum,

And, late at last, in tenderest love, the beckoning
angel come.

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are there, alike
below, above ;

Our friends are now in either world, and love is
sure of love.

KINSMAN.

DIED AT THE ISLAND OF PANAY (PHILIPPINE GROUP),
AGED 19 YEARS.

WHERE ceaseless Spring her garland twines,
As sweetly shall the loved one rest,
As if beneath the whispering pines
And maple shadows of the West.

Ye mourn, O hearts of home ! for him,
But, haply, mourn ye not alone ;
For him shall far-off eyes be dim,
And pity speak in tongues unknown.

There needs no graven line to give
The story of his blameless youth ;

All hearts shall throb intuitive,
And nature guess the simple truth.

The very meaning of his name
Shall many a tender tribute win ;
The stranger own his sacred claim,
And all the world shall be his kin.

And there, as here, on main and isle,
The dews of holy peace shall fall, .
The same sweet heavens above him smile,
And God's dear love be over all !

VESTA.

O CHRIST of God! whose life and death
Our own have reconciled,
Most quietly, most tenderly
Take home thy star-named child!

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
Thy words are on her tongue;
The very silence round her seems
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's
Who hears its mother call;

The lilies of Thy perfect peace
About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms
To rest herself in Thine ;
Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we
Our well-beloved resign !

O, less for her than for ourselves
We bow our heads and pray ;
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,
To Thee shall point the way !

THE HEALER.

TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN, WITH DORÉ'S PICTURE OF CHRIST
HEALING THE SICK.

SO stood of old the holy Christ
Amidst the suffering throng;
With whom his lightest touch sufficed
To make the weakest strong.

That healing gift he lends to them
Who use it in his name;
The power that filled his garment's hem
Is evermore the same.

For lo! in human hearts unseen
The Healer dwelleth still,

And they who make his temples clean
The best subserve his will.

The holiest task by Heaven decreed,
An errand all divine,
The burden of our common need
To render less is thine.

The paths of pain are thine. Go forth
With patience, trust, and hope ;
The sufferings of a sin-sick earth
Shall give thee ample scope.

Beside the unveiled mysteries
Of life and death go stand,
With guarded lips and reverent eyes
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued
From Him who went about
The Syrian hillsides doing good,
And casting demons out.

That Good Physician liveth yet
Thy friend and guide to be ;
The Healer by Gennesaret
Shall walk the rounds with thee.

A CHRISTMAS CARMEN.

I.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands ;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the
morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born !
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations !
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun :
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one !

II.

Sing the bridal of nations ! with chorals of love
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord !

Clasp hands of the nations

In strong gratulations :

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun ;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one !

III.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace ;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel
cease :

Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man !

Hark! joining in chorus

The heavens bend o'er us!

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, ST. PAUL,
MINNESOTA.

ALL things are Thine : no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts ! to offer Thee ;
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,
Thy own before Thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought ;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

No lack Thy perfect fulness knew ;
For human needs and longings grew

This house of prayer, this home of rest,
In the fair garden of the West.

In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for whom the heavens are small ;
Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father ! deign these walls to bless :
Fill with Thy love their emptiness :
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee !

POEMS

BY

ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER.



THE DREAM OF ARGYLE.

EARTHLY arms no more uphold him
On his prison's stony floor ;
Waiting death in his last slumber,
Lies the doomed MacCallum More.

And he dreams a dream of boyhood ;
Rise again his heathery hills,
Sound again the hound's long baying,
Cry of moor-fowl, laugh of rills.

Now he stands amidst his clansmen
In the low, long banquet-hall,
Over grim, ancestral armor
Sees the ruddy firelight fall.

Once again, with pulses beating,
Hears the wandering minstrel tell
How Montrose on Inverary
Thief-like from his mountains fell.

Down the glen, beyond the castle,
Where the linn's swift waters shine,
Round the youthful heir of Argyle
Shy feet glide and white arms twine.

Fairest of the rustic dancers,
Blue-eyed Effie smiles once more,
Bends to him her snooded tresses,
Treads with him the grassy floor.

Now he hears the pipes lamenting,
Harpers for his mother mourn,

Slow, with sable plume and pennon,
To her cairn of burial borne.

Then anon his dreams are darker,
Sounds of battle fill his ears,
And the pibroch's mournful wailing
For his father's fall he hears.

Wild Lochaber's mountain echoes
Wail in concert for the dead,
And Loch Awe's deep waters murmur
For the Campbell's glory fled!

Fierce and strong the godless tyrants
Trample the apostate land,
While her poor and faithful remnant
Wait for the Avenger's hand.

Once again at Inverary,
Years of weary exile o'er,
Armed to lead his scattered clansmen,
Stands the bold MacCallum More.

Once again to battle calling
Sound the war-pipes through the glen ;
And the court-yard of Dunstaffnage
Rings with tread of armed men.

All is lost ! The godless triumph,
And the faithful ones and true
From the scaffold and the prison
Covenant with God anew.

On the darkness of his dreaming
Great and sudden glory shone ;

Over bonds and death victorious
Stands he by the Father's throne!

From the radiant ranks of martyrs
Notes of joy and praise he hears,
Songs of his poor land's deliverance
Sounding from the future years.

Lo, he wakes! but airs celestial
Bathe him in immortal rest,
And he sees with unsealed vision
Scotland's cause with victory blest.

Shining hosts attend and guard him
As he leaves his prison door;
And to death as to a triumph
Walks the great MacCallum More!

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEPARTURE OF JOSEPH STURGE,
AFTER HIS VISIT TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE
UNITED STATES.

FAIR islands of the sunny sea! midst all re-
joicing things,

No more the wailing of the slave a wild discord-
ance brings;

On the lifted brows of freemen the tropic breezes
blow,

The mildew of the bondman's toil the land no
more shall know.

How swells from those green islands, where bird
and leaf and flower

Are praising in their own sweet way the dawn of
freedom's hour,

The glorious resurrection song from hearts rejoicing poured,

Thanksgiving for the priceless gift, — man's regal crown restored !

How beautiful through all the green and tranquil summer land,

Uplifted, as by miracle, the solemn churches stand !

The grass is trodden from the paths where waiting freemen throng,

Athirst and fainting for the cup of life denied so long.

O, blessed were the feet of him whose generous errand here

Was to unloose the captive's chain and dry the mourner's tear ;

To lift again the fallen ones a brother's robber hand
Had left in pain and wretchedness by the way-
sides of the land.

The islands of the sea rejoice; the harvest an-
thems rise;

The sower of the seed must own 't is marvellous in
his eyes;

The old waste places are rebuilt,—the broken
walls restored,—

And the wilderness is blooming like the garden of
the Lord!

Thanksgiving for the holy fruit! should not the
laborer rest,

His earnest faith and works of love have been so
richly blest?

The pride of all fair England shall her ocean islands be,

And their peasantry with joyful hearts keep ceaseless jubilee.

Rest, never! while his countrymen have trampled hearts to bleed,

The stifled murmur of their wrongs his listening ear shall heed,

Where England's far dependencies her *might*, not *mercy*, know,

To all the crushed and suffering there his pitying love shall flow.

The friend of freedom everywhere, how mourns he for our land,

The brand of whose hypocrisy burns on her guilty hand!

Her thrift a theft, the robber's greed and cunning
in her eye,

Her glory shame, her flaunting flag on all the
winds a lie!

For us with steady strength of heart and zeal for-
ever true,

The champion of the island slave the conflict doth
renew,

His labor here hath been to point the Pharisaic eye
Away from empty creed and form to where the
wounded lie.

How beautiful to us should seem the coming feet
of such!

Their garments of self-sacrifice have healing in their
touch;

Their gospel mission none may doubt, for they heed
the Master's call,

Who here walked with the multitude, and sat at
meat with all!

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

HE rests with the immortals; his journey has
been long:

For him no wail of sorrow, but a psalm full and
strong!

So well and bravely has he done the work he
found to do,

To justice, freedom, duty, God, and man forever
true.

Strong to the end, a man of men, from out the
strife he passed;

The grandest hour of all his life was that of earth
the last.

Now midst his snowy hills of home to the grave
they bear him down,

The glory of his fourscore years resting on him like
a crown.

The mourning of the many bells, the drooping flags,
all seem

Like some dim, unreal pageant passing onward in
a dream;

And following with the living to his last and nar-
row bed,

Methinks I see a shadowy band, a train of noble
dead.

'T is a strange and weird procession that is slowly
moving on,

The phantom patriots gathered to the funeral of
their son !

In shadowy guise they move along, brave Otis with
hushed tread,
And Warren walking reverently by the father of
the dead.

Gliding foremost in the misty band a gentle form
is there,

In the white robes of the angels and their glory
round her hair.

She hovers near and bends above her world-wide-
honored child,

And the joy that heaven alone can know beams
on her features mild.

And so they bear him to his grave in the fulness
of his years,

True sage and prophet, leaving us in a time of
many fears.

Nevermore amid the darkness of our wild and
evil day

Shall his voice be heard to cheer us, shall his
finger point the way.

DR. KANE IN CUBA.

A NOBLE life is in thy care,
A sacred trust to thee is given;
Bright Island! let thy healing air
Be to him as the breath of Heaven.

The marvel of his daring life —
The self-forgetting leader bold —
Stirs, like the trumpet's call to strife,
A million hearts of meaner mould.

Eyes that shall never meet his own
Look dim with tears across the sea,

Where from the dark and icy zone,

Sweet Isle of Flowers! he comes to thee.

Fold him in rest, O pitying clime!

Give back his wasted strength again;

Soothe, with thy endless summer time,

His winter-wearied heart and brain.

Sing soft and low, thou tropic bird,

From out the fragrant, flowery tree,—

The ear that hears thee now has heard

The ice-break of the winter sea.

Through his long watch of awful night,

He saw the Bear in Northern skies;

Now, to the Southern Cross of light

He lifts in hope his weary eyes.

Prayers from the hearts that watched in fear,
When the dark North no answer gave,
Rise, trembling, to the Father's ear,
That still His love may help and save.

LADY FRANKLIN.

FOLD thy hands, thy work is over ;

Cool thy watching eyes with tears ;

Let thy poor heart, over-wearied,

Rest alike from hopes and fears, —

Hopes, that saw with sleepless vision

One sad picture fading slow ;

Fears, that followed, vague and nameless,

Lifting back the veils of snow.

For thy brave one, for thy lost one,

Truest heart of woman, weep !

Owning still the love that granted
Unto thy beloved sleep.

Not for him that hour of terror
When, the long ice-battle o'er,
In the sunless day his comrades
Deathward trod the Polar shore.

Spared the cruel cold and famine,
Spared the fainting heart's despair,
What but that could mercy grant him?
What but that has been thy prayer?

Dear to thee that last memorial
From the cairn beside the sea;
Evermore the month of roses
Shall be sacred time to thee.

Sad it is the mournful yew-tree
O'er his slumbers may not wave ;
Sad it is the English daisy
May not blossom on his grave.

But his tomb*shall storm and winter
Shape and fashion year by year,
Pile his mighty mausoleum,
Block by block, and tier on tier.

Guardian of its gleaming portal
Shall his stainless honor be,
While thy love, a sweet immortal,
Hovers o'er the winter sea.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

THE storm-wind is' howling
Through old pines afar ;
The drear night is falling
Without moon or star.

The roused sea is lashing
The bold shore behind,
And the moan of its ebbing
Keeps time with the wind.

On, on through the darkness,
A spectre, I pass

Where, like moaning of broken hearts,
Surges the grass!

I see her lone head-stone, —
'Tis white as a shroud ;
Like a pall, hangs above it
The low drooping cloud.

Who speaks through the dark night
And lull of the wind ?
'Tis the sound of the pine-leaves
And sea-waves behind.

The dead girl is silent, —
I stand by her now ;
And her pulse beats no quicker,
Nor crimsons her brow.

The small hand that trembled,
When last in my own,
Lies patient and folded,
And colder than stone.

Like the white blossoms falling
To-night in the gale,
So she in her beauty
Sank mournful and pale.

Yet I loved her! I utter
Such words by her grave,
As I would not have spoken
Her last breath to save.

Of *her* love the angels
In heaven might tell,

While mine would be whispered
With shudders in hell!

'T was well that the white ones
Who bore her to bliss
Shut out from her new life
The vision of this.

Else, sure as I stand here,
And speak of my love,
She would leave for my darkness
Her glory above.

THE MEETING WATERS.

CLOSE beside the meeting waters,
Long I stood as in a dream,
Watching how the little river
Fell into the broader stream.

Calm and still the mingled current
Glided to the waiting sea ;
On its breast serenely pictured
Floating cloud and skirting tree.

And I thought, " O human spirit !
Strong and deep and pure and blest,

Let the stream of my existence

Blend with thine, and find its rest !”

I could die as dies the river,

In that current deep and wide ;

I would live as live its waters,

Flashing from a stronger tide !

•

THE WEDDING VEIL.

DEAR Anna, when I brought her veil,
Her white veil on her wedding night,
Threw o'er my thin brown hair its folds,
And, laughing, turned me to the light.

"See, Bessie, see! you wear at last
The bridal veil, foresworn for years!"
She saw my face, — her laugh was hushed,
Her happy eyes were filled with tears.

With kindly haste and trembling hand
She drew away the gauzy mist;

“Forgive, dear heart!” her sweet voice said :

Her loving lips my forehead kissed.

We passed from out the searching light ;

The summer night was calm and fair :

I did not see her pitying eyes,

I felt her soft hand smooth my hair.

Her tender love unlocked my heart ;

’Mid falling tears, at last I said,

“Foresworn indeed to me that veil

Because I only love the dead !”

She stood one moment statue-still,

And, musing, spake in undertone,

“The living love may colder grow ;

The dead is safe with God alone !”

CHARITY.

THE pilgrim and stranger who through the day
Holds over the desert his trackless way
Where the terrible sands no shade have known
No sound of life save his camel's moan,
Hears, at last, through the mercy of Allah to all,
From his tent-door at evening the Bedouin's call:

*“Whoever thou art whose need is great,
In the name of God, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!”*

For gifts in His name of food and rest
The tents of Islam of God are blest,

Thou who hast faith in the Christ above,
Shall the Koran teach thee the Law of Love? —
O Christian! — open thy heart and door,
Cry east and west to the wandering poor:

*“Whoever thou art whose need is great,
In the name of Christ, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!”*

THE END. •



